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NOTES.

WE confess to being sorely disappointed in Lord Wolseley, though we are far from endorsing Private Mulvaney's description of him as "a ramblin' incoherent sort av a devil, wid one eye on the Quane an' the Court and the other on his blessed self—everlastin'ly playin' Saysar an' Alexandrier rowled into a lump." Before he became Commander-in-Chief he was taken at his own estimate and was understood to be a bold reformer. But since he has had the opportunity of doing much he has done nothing. In his speech he told us that the army must be increased; but he proposed no retrenchment in the Budget of the most expensive force in the world. He suggested no plan for supplying the two pressing military needs of the Empire—the provision of an efficient army for home defence and of a strong and well-equipped army in a state of perpetual readiness for service in any part of the world. Money, more money, was what he asked for. It is not money that is needed, but brains, at the War Office. The money voted by Parliament is at present wasted in a disgraceful fashion, and we hope shortly to publish a series of articles dealing with the crying need for economy.

There was, however, one good suggestion in his speech, though it was only on a matter of detail. It was, that soldiers on leaving the army should be provided with civil employment. He did not specify the exact kind of work that should be provided for them; but no doubt he had in his mind the German plan, under which all the best posts on the railways, and most of those in the police, are given to old soldiers. The plan might well be adopted in Great Britain. We should then hear nothing of the soldier's bad pay, and still less would there be any difficulty in getting recruits. Above all, 29 per cent. of the recruits accepted would not fail to satisfy the normal test of fitness. We expect more from Lord Wolseley, however, than this attention to a minor reform. Will he put himself at the head of the movement for retrenchment; will he win himself a lasting name by inaugurating real and wide-reaching reforms in the army and in the War Office, making powerful enemies, no doubt, but making a still more powerful friend in the gratitude of the whole nation? Or will he sleep on until the end and be happily forgotten when he dies?

Here is a charming instance of our judges' regard for the convenience of parties. Mr. Justice Wright and Mr. Justice Kennedy could not make up their minds over a recent rating appeal from Pontefract, and parties had to wait until they could. In due time they were notified by the judges that judgment would be given on

a certain date. Accordingly, counsel, solicitors, and the rest duly come up and present themselves in court at the hour appointed. When the learned judges appear, parties are informed that their Lordships are unable to give judgment, owing to the discovery by one of them of a new case they had not had time to consider. So back to Yorkshire until their Lordships have mastered the case they had overlooked. Fancy the judicial horror if counsel had asked for an adjournment on similar grounds.

At the moment of going to press we find ourselves attacked at a meeting of Scotch Liberal-Unionists by the Honourable Thomas Cochrane with a virulence of invective that testifies to an almost intolerable craving for office. We cannot help thinking that the Honourable Thomas Cochrane has in mind a similar Under-Secretaryship to that which graces Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P. His noble contempt of courtesy; his industrious but unintelligent reading of a Blue-book; his perfect trust in unimportant facts; his careful misstatement of his opponent's arguments, all remind us of the most foolish, if the most pathetically devoted, of Mr. Chamberlain's henchmen. We shall deal with this gentleman's contentions in our next issue, not because he deserves fair treatment, but because he is probably the latest mouthpiece of his patron. What a pity it is that Mr. Chamberlain's Parliamentary supporters should all resemble the recruits of Falstaff rather than the lieutenants of a Napoleon!

It is just as well that a little light should be thrown on the disastrous influence of the Shipping Ring upon British trade. Sir Thomas Sutherland and Sir Donald Currie are no doubt ardent paper patriots, but that does not prevent them from doing their best to ruin English trade by favouring our foreign rivals in the matter of freights. The P. & O. Company is subsidized by the British Government at the rate of £1,000 a day. In return it has handed over the British trade in steel and iron for India to Belgium and Germany. The mode of proceeding was to charge 15s. 9d. a ton on iron from London to India and 10s. a ton from Amsterdam. Now the rates have been equalized, but the mischief has been done. Belgian and German manufacturers have obtained a footing in India which they had long striven to obtain, and from which it will be impossible to dislodge them. To Java and other Eastern ports the preferential rates in favour of our foreign competitors still exist. Sir Thomas Sutherland is the chairman of the P. & O. Company. He is also the Liberal-Unionist M.P. for Greenock. Sir Donald Currie's Castle Line of steamships plays the same game with the freights to South Africa, and Sir Donald Currie is the Liberal-Unionist member for

West Perthshire. In the future we shall know exactly how much the professions of patriotism of these two honourable knights are worth.

There was not much evidence of principles or of any profound conception of a Tory policy to be discovered in the resolutions of the Conference of Conservative Associations which has been held in London during the week. He would be a bold man, indeed, who would assert that there was any greater leaven of political intelligence amongst the two thousand delegates than there would be amongst an equal number of delegates to a conference of Liberal Associations. It is the leaders of a party that count, not the rank and file. Unfortunately the speech of Mr. James Lowther, M.P., as Chairman of the Conference, and the cheers with which it was received, seemed to indicate that the movement of revolt against social legislation led by the Marquis of Londonderry has gone farther than we thought. Mr. Lowther plainly told the Government that there had been "rather more than enough of far-reaching and subversive legislation," and that what the country wanted was repose from "Radical" measures. The blow was evidently aimed at Mr. Chamberlain, to whose influence the social legislation of the Government is naturally attributed; but Mr. Chamberlain may be left to take care of himself. He has the whiphand just now, for he has only to threaten to make overtures to the leaderless Liberals to make all his Conservative colleagues shake in their shoes.

By far the most important resolution passed by the two thousand delegates was that which declared the present condition of the army to be unsatisfactory and calling for an immediate and adequate measure of Army Reform. Colonel Brookfield, M.P., clearly knows his War Office officials; "old fossils who place their paralysing grip on every rational reform that has ever been suggested," he called them. Major Rasch, who also knows his War Office, spoke of it as a "concentrated epitome of red tape," and declared that the best thing, if it could be done, would be to sweep it away, lock, stock and barrel. This was plain speaking enough, and Mr. Arnold-Forster made a weighty speech showing in detail how utterly our military system has broken down. The resolution, it is to be noted, was carried unanimously. This was the only resolution about which the Conference showed any courage. It expressed a pious wish for a Royal residence in Ireland, and another that something might be done to counteract the foreign-bounty system as applied to sugar and shipping. But it "funked" the use of the only real weapon with which to fight the latter, a countervailing duty, just as later in the day it "funked" the application of Protection to save the agricultural interest from ruin.

Lord Salisbury does not often display such ineptitude or indeed such ignorance of the real conditions of any question as he did in his speech to the Conservative delegates on Tuesday night, though his excursions into parochial politics have never been quite happy. It is certain that the principal question which will excite public interest during the next Session of Parliament is to be that of Army Reform, and the Prime Minister might usefully have given some hints as to the policy of the Government on the subject. Instead, he made a violent attack on the London County Council, apparently in complete ignorance of the fact that the demand for separate municipalities for London as a substitute for the County Council has disappeared. The Moderates on the London County Council clearly realize now, whatever may have been the case two years ago, that there must be a central authority for London, whatever is done to enhance the dignity and powers of the local authorities. It is quite right and proper that, instead of a host of little Vestries, there should be a number of separate municipalities in London, each with its own Mayor and its own Council, but the number of powers possessed by the County Council which could be usefully transferred to the new authorities is very small, and on the other hand there are a few functions of the Vestries which could be much more efficiently undertaken by the central authority.

It is true, no doubt, as Lord Salisbury pointed out, that Hackney and Hammersmith, Hampstead and Greenwich have no interest in each other's purely local questions. But then the County Council does not interfere with their local questions, whilst it is wholly impossible for the local authorities to look after the main drainage of London, to deal economically with the question of London finance, to control the parks, to carry out the Acts for the Housing of the Working Classes, to undertake large and costly schemes of improvement, to keep up an efficient Fire Brigade, to maintain the bridges, to develop the means of communication on the Thames, or secure a pure, abundant and constant water supply, and a cheap and complete tramway system. The fact is that Lord Salisbury has been misled by his advisers. He himself knows nothing about the question of London Government, and at the headquarters of the Conservative party the officials are hopelessly out of date. So long as the Moderates were in a small majority at Spring Gardens and the Progressives were allowed to launch out into enormous and ill-digested schemes, there was some reason in the outcry against the London County Council. But now that the Moderates have obtained much more power and influence on that body, take a more active and intelligent interest in its proceedings, and are likely to become stronger than ever, the cry for the abolition of the County Council, or even for any considerable transfer of its powers, has ceased. By advocating the abolition of a body constituted by a Government of which he himself was the head Lord Salisbury made himself ridiculous, and his advisers have shown themselves hopelessly ignorant of the progress of events.

Things have taken a turn for the worse with regard to the situation on the Niger. Some weeks ago there was reason to believe, and those on this side of the Channel who ought to know did believe, that it was all as good as settled, the French Foreign Office tacitly admitting that there was no reply to the English claims to both banks of the Niger from Say to the sea. M. Hanotaux, however, was reckoning without his "Colonial Party," which is very strong, or at any rate very noisy, just now in Paris, Marseilles and Bordeaux. He seems to have convinced himself that any yielding to England would entail the fall of the Ministry, and the result is something like a deadlock. Lord Salisbury has gone out of his way recently to show consideration for the difficulties of M. Hanotaux's position, and his reference at the Guildhall to Governments which cannot always do what is right because of a "mass of critical public opinion" which impels them to Jingoism was fully appreciated in Paris; but in the same speech he pointed out that "there is a limit" to concessions such as England has been making to France. The English demand for the evacuation of Boussa by the French has been put in such a way that there is no going back from it.

Russia and Japan are both Powers accustomed to act in silence; their diplomacy is carried on without the interference of Parliaments or newspapers; but it is clear that "things are happening" in the Far East. Corea is the pretext, Japan objecting to Russia's assumption of absolute supremacy at Seoul; but when the time comes for a trial of strength neither Power will trouble much about forms. Russia is sending out picked men from Odessa in relays, and the last batch, which consisted of close on eight hundred officers and men, was accompanied by General Tchetchagoff, who will take supreme command in Eastern Siberia. These men from Odessa are not mere peasant recruits. They are intended, it is believed, to act as organizers of a force of local levies to be raised in Manchuria, nominally for the defence of the railway works, the right having been conceded to Russia by China in the recent Convention.

Russia is already very strong on land in the Amur province. According to the latest returns, she has there thirty-one infantry battalions of full strength and efficiency, twenty squadrons of cavalry, and fifteen batteries of artillery, not to speak of a railway battalion, two battalions of sappers and a torpedo company.

But on sea she is very weak. Not long ago she had in the Pacific only one cruiser and five torpedo-boats, with a couple of armed transports, and although this force has been quietly strengthened this summer, she has still nothing that could by any possibility make a stand in opposition to the "Fuji" and the "Yashima," the two new Japanese ironclads—the finest fighting machines of their tonnage in the world. Mr. Charles Cramp, of the great Philadelphia shipbuilding firm, has been making a special personal inspection of the Japanese navy afloat and building, and he declares that its recent rapid development is a "miracle." Russia has, of course, her Baltic and Black Sea fleets; but they are believed to be none too strong for local requirements in time of trouble, and the risk of sending any considerable proportion of these ships to the Pacific in the present condition of European politics would be great. She is now having twenty-eight "destroyers" of the "Sokol" type built, and as at least half of them are to be sent to the Pacific, it is clear that she is not unaware of the danger she runs in that quarter.

Austria-Hungary has taken it upon herself to show the Concert exactly how to deal with the Sublime Porte if it wishes to have its will carried out with due expedition and despatch. Herr Brazzafolli is not a person of very great importance; in fact, only an agent of the Austrian Lloyd at Mersina, a Levantine port due north of Cyprus. But by certain trifling kindnesses to Armenian refugees he got himself into bad odour with the Turkish authorities and suffered some unpleasant experiences. The Dual Monarchy called upon the Sultan to make immediate reparation. The Sultan tried to temporize, but his one specific failed him lamentably. Two Austrian war-ships took up their stations opposite Mersina, and it was intimated that, unless the Austrian demands were acceded to within twenty-four hours, that port would be wiped out of the Turkish map. After his recent successes the Sultan must have been a little surprised, but at the last moment he caved in. Then Russia took a hand. German shipbuilders and cannonmakers have been expecting a nice little windfall in the shape of a portion of the Greek indemnity which the Sultan proposed to devote to a new navy, destined no doubt to rust in the calm waters of the Golden Horn like its predecessor. But Russia has stepped in and snatched the prize away from the Germans. If any portion of the indemnity is devoted to new armaments, she has told the Sultan, she will immediately demand the payment of her own indemnity, which she has hitherto prudently omitted to collect. This is as it should be. But when will Lord Salisbury's turn come?

It is just as well to remind the Clerical party that they owe it to their own intolerance in the past that they need now to put forward the Orpington or any other scheme for securing to every child education in the creed of its parents. The principle for which they are now suppliants is one which they rejected with scorn when they might have had it. Twice at least during the growth of the public education movement in England proposals almost identical with the Church demands of to-day have been made by the Government and refused by the Church. Shortly after the formation of the Committee of the Privy Council the Government of the day proposed to establish a normal training college for teachers, where secular teaching was to be given in common and religious teaching by the ministers of the several communions to which the scholars were attached. The Church fought the scheme tooth and nail, and defeated it, on the express ground that it placed other communions on an equal footing with itself, and infringed upon what it claimed as its own monopoly in the training of teachers.

Again in 1842, when Sir James Graham introduced his Factory Regulation Bill, provisions were included for establishing schools for the children whose hours of labour were restricted; and the proposal to give facilities for separate religious instruction by teachers of various creeds was a part of the scheme. Again, and on the same ground as before, the Church fought

against the proposal, and the entire clauses were withdrawn in order to save the rest of the Bill. We say nothing as to the merits or demerits of the plan; we merely quote these facts from history to show the clerical party that they have learned the lesson of general religious toleration rather late in the day. The recognition of it during the first half of the century would have given us a system of public education two generations before 1870.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, good simple man, got rather out of his depth when he tried to explain what Socialism is to the members of the Dolphin Society at Bristol last Saturday. He talked about "the New Socialism," whatever that may mean, which wants to nationalize all industries. We were under the impression that this is the older revolutionary Socialism, and that the real "New Socialism" is the form of socialistic thought which has emerged after a quarter of a century of busy discussion, and is likely in the future to influence largely the policy of the Tory party. This is that "substitution of the State or the municipality for private enterprise in things which experience has shown that the State or the municipality can do better than private enterprise," a substitution which even the Chancellor of the Exchequer felt called upon to bless. The Workmen's Compensation Act of last Session is clearly Socialistic in the sense that it recognizes and makes definite the right of the workman to claim compensation for injury from the community on whose behalf he labours, just as the Factory Acts, the Mines Acts, and the Education Acts are Socialistic. It is part of the strength of the Tory party that it has been in the past and is still ready to take the lead in this social legislation, provided only that reform shall be circumspect and wary. But what did Sir Michael Hicks-Beach mean by saying of the Government, "I know too much about it to care much whether my colleagues or I are in power"? The utterance is a little cryptic, but it does not sound complimentary.

Did Mr. Chamberlain, whilst the Colonial Premiers were in London, insist that absolute Free-trade between the Colonies and the Mother Country was the indispensable condition of an Imperial Zollverein? According to the Toronto "Globe," that was the position he adopted. As the Toronto journal is writing in defence of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's failure to secure preferential treatment for Canada in Great Britain, clearly Sir Wilfrid is under the impression that Mr. Chamberlain demanded the abolition of all Customs duties in Canadian ports so far as the Mother Country was concerned. If that is true, Mr. Chamberlain was guilty of proposing an economic absurdity. The Colonies cannot, under present conditions, give us Free-trade; they can only give us a preference, as Canada is now doing. Customs duties are their principal revenue; and the end we have in view would be just as well served by a preferential tariff as by Free-trade. It is, however, difficult to believe that Mr. Chamberlain proposed any such thing as "absolute Free-trade." If he did, he has gone back upon himself. The position he deliberately adopted rather more than a year ago was that duties imposed in Colonial Customs houses for protective purposes must disappear in the interests of the Mother Country, but that revenue duties might be retained. Even in England, the very khalifate of Cobdenism, £20,000,000 of revenue are derived from Customs duties.

Dr. Karl Peters has not scored at all by his appeal to the higher Disciplinary Chamber for Colonial Officials. For he has now been condemned on all the counts of the original indictment, instead of on one; and he has been mulcted in the whole of the costs, instead of in part. Dr. Peters's doings on the East African coast have long been notorious. Evidence of his ill-treatment of native women in British East Africa was collected by a British inquiry several years ago. Nevertheless he had the boldness some months ago to read a paper in a hall not far from the Strand in which he exclaimed with unctuous piety that Africa would never be happy until it fell under the shadow of the cross!

But in spite of the character of some of its officials, it is marvellous what progress has been effected in German East Africa. The European population now numbers about 1,000; the coffee plantations are rapidly increasing; a farm for the rearing and taming of zebras is being established; and the mineral resources are tested by careful geological surveys. The country is unhealthy; "not a foot of East Africa can be regarded as healthy," wrote Major von Wissmann, the late Governor. But, with characteristic far-sightedness, a bacteriological institute has been established at Tanga, where skilled experts are engaged in a study of the life-history of the principal diseases. The ivory trade is being attracted to German routes by the payment of bounties on exported ivory, a system commercially profitable, as the bounty is all recovered in the form of duties on articles purchased by the trading caravans.

Arrangements are happily completed for the Conference between masters and men in the engineering dispute on Wednesday next. The men have withdrawn their demand for an independent chairman; the masters have agreed to suspend all further lock-out notices. At the Conference itself the whole of the questions at issue between the employers and the employed will be threshed out, and, to judge by the present attitude of both sides, an agreement will be come to which will be a distinct gain to the industry, and will in some degree compensate for the harm the dispute has done. If the machine question is settled and the vexatious interference of the Unions with the management of engineering works is ended, the masters will be able to compete advantageously with their foreign rivals. This achieved, some concession upon the hours question may be possible. The one thing gained so far is to have brought the matters in dispute to discussion, and Mr. Ritchie is so far to be congratulated on the success of his intervention.

There is a funny correspondence in the "Guardian" between the Bishop of London and the Rev. Mr. Reichardt. The latter appears to be an unemployed curate, no longer young, who is unable to find a curacy to his liking, and appeals to his Bishop to help him. On the face of it, the elderly curate has a real grievance against the authorities of the Church of England. He finds, as he grows older, that his value in the clerical market becomes less and less; and, further, that incumbents prefer younger men, who can be more easily "bossed." But on the other hand it is contended, and, so far as we have had the opportunity of observing the facts, with truth, that the only curates who fail to obtain a benefice after a reasonable period of service are the cranks, the faddists, the cads, and the impossibles. Dr. Creighton not obscurely hints that something of this kind is the matter with his correspondent. At the same time, the revolting curates have certainly some cause of complaint. It is scandalous, for instance, that a man of exceptional ability like Mr. F. W. Ford, just promoted to the not very fat vicarage of St. Matthew's, City Road, should have worked in London for eighteen years without recognition by the authorities.

Few of the actors survive of the comedy that was played in and around the Tuileries on the memorable Sunday more than twenty-seven years ago. Lesseps and Armand Gouzrin, the latter of whom, in conjunction with Victorien Sardou, prevented the sacking of the Tuileries, are gone. General Mellinet has also departed this life. Dr. Thomas Evans, who was not an absolutely reticent man with regard to his many illustrious patients, preserved a most commendable silence with regard to the Empress Eugénie, whose first impressions of the consummated disaster he received when they were absolutely "quivering with actuality." "I only told one living being," he said one day, when interrogated, "and that is His Holiness Pope Leo XIII." The Sovereign Pontiff was also one of Dr. Evans's clients. "The secret is perfectly safe with him," added the dentist, "for he rarely opens his mouth unnecessarily; nay, he often refuses to open it when necessary, for I cannot always get him to let me look at his teeth."

ANOTHER TALK WITH SIR HERCULES ROBINSON.

AS I proved last week, there was nothing "confidential" in the subject-matter of Lord Rosmead's conversations with me in January 1896. He was not only anxious to give me facts which I could hardly have obtained elsewhere, but his indignation against Mr. Chamberlain was so keen that when I brought him the MS. of my article he was not completely satisfied with it. I had, it is true, given him all the credit for the measures taken to stop Jameson; but I had added that before starting for Johannesburg he had awaited Mr. Chamberlain's approval.

"Waited!" he said angrily; "I never waited. I did not wait to send off the telegram to stop Jameson or the Proclamation to hinder British subjects from helping him, and I only waited to go to Pretoria till I had heard from Kruger that I could do some good by going there. I was getting on board the train on Thursday evening when Mr. Chamberlain's approval of what I had done reached me, but I should have gone on even if I had not heard from him. His approval came too late to be of any value." This correction by the High Commissioner led me to modify the article which left Cape Town on 15 February, 1896, and appeared in the "Saturday Review" on 14 March, 1896. Again I assert that when I read that article over to Sir Hercules Robinson in MS., his only objection to it was that I gave Mr. Chamberlain some small credit for approving what his lieutenant had done, though I mentioned the fact that his approval had reached Sir Hercules too late to be of material service. Sir Hercules Robinson wanted his services put forward in the most favourable light, and the only reservation that he made—and that was in the nature of a request rather than a condition—was that I should not mention his name.

"As long as I am under the Colonial Office," he said, "it would not do for me, you understand, to criticize openly my Parliamentary superior."

"But as soon as you are free of the Colonial Office?" I asked. "Then," he broke in eagerly, "you may say what you like, but I shall probably forestall you, for I intend to tell the whole story of what has taken place."

Sir Hercules Robinson that was is no longer under the Colonial Office, and therefore I considered myself justified in giving the authority for the statements I had made at his instigation more than a year ago.

There will, no doubt, still be a few journalists, such as Mr. Labouchere and the Editor of the "Leeds Mercury," who will continue to assert that Sir Hercules Robinson's criticism of Mr. Chamberlain was confidential, and should never have been published. But all, save such professional followers of St. Thomas, will abandon their sceptical attitude when they find that my word is corroborated by an independent witness. The Editor of "South Africa," Mr. Edward Mathers, has been kind enough to send me the following letter, which speaks for itself:—

"39 Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

"15 November, 1897.

"DEAR HARRIS,—Early in February last year I had a talk with Sir Hercules Robinson at Capetown Government House on my arrival from England. One of his remarks was to this effect: 'I see you have all been giving Joe Chamberlain credit for trying to stop Jameson. He had nothing at all to do with it. I sent the despatch trying to stop Jameson.' But, as you say, Hofmeyr is entitled to the credit of spurring on Robinson. I do not know whether this reminiscence is of any service to you at present. If it is, you are welcome to use it as you like, as there was certainly nothing confidential in my talk with Robinson. We were not strangers to each other, and he knew I had called for news to publish. As with yourself, doubtless, he was quite aware he was speaking to a Press man, and though he was visibly failing fast, he had discernment enough left to know that, in the absence of any special seal of confidence, any of his remarks were liable to be published at the will of his interviewer.—Sincerely yours, "E. MATHERS."

In my conversations with Sir Hercules Robinson

there was, however, one condition which I felt compelled to make. "If," I said, "your statements to me are mistaken, or contradicted with what seems good reason, I shall hold myself at liberty to give you as my authority for them."

"Of course, of course," he replied; "but you will not find yourself contradicted, and I shall make no mistakes."

Yet Sir Hercules Robinson did make some serious mistakes, and led me into error thereby, as was pointed out last week in these columns. For this reason I did not call at Government House after my first two visits. I preferred to spend my time with Mr. Jan Hofmeyr and others whose information was entirely accurate and trustworthy, undisturbed even by any taint of vanity. A few days passed and Sir Graham Bower called on me. I was out when he called, and I was glad of it, for I had no wish to meet him. Sir Hercules Robinson had introduced us on my first visit to Government House; had indeed asked Sir Graham Bower to complete the information he had already given me. But Sir Graham Bower fenced with every question and managed in five minutes to leave me with the very worst impression both of his accuracy and his ability. Afterwards Mr. Jan Hofmeyr gave me such an account of Bower's scheming and evasions that I soon came to ascribe most of Sir Hercules Robinson's mistakes to this man's misplaced ingenuity. I therefore paid no attention to Sir Graham Bower's visit, and the next day I received another card from him on which he had written that the High Commissioner would like to see me, and an hour or so later he ran me to earth in the City Club, where I had been lunching with Hofmeyr, and sent in to say that a gentleman wished to see me. I came out and we talked in the street for perhaps ten minutes. He asked me why I had not come again to see the Governor. I replied that some of the information given to me was erroneous and I did not wish to be compelled to denounce Sir Hercules Robinson as my informer.

"But perhaps we were right, and you are now misinformed," said Sir Graham Bower. "Why not give us the opportunity of answering those who contradict us?"

At first I put him off. I had the proofs of what I alleged and no further correction was possible; but at last, thinking that Sir Hercules Robinson had a right to know what I felt, I consented, and called again at Government House. Sir Hercules met me with a brusqueness of manner which was evidently meant to conceal a certain uneasiness.

"Bower tells me," he began abruptly, "that you think we have misled you in regard to certain matters of fact. This is hardly possible, as our information is from the fountain-head. Still I should like to know the points on which you think we were mistaken."

"There are a good many," I replied, "but they can be corrected and I would rather not make a fuss about them."

"But give me one point," he insisted, standing up in his excitement.

"Well," I said, "you told me that you called Hofmeyr in on the 31st, whereas he called upon you without any intimation of your wish to see him, and the idea of the Proclamation was his, not yours. He found a good deal of difficulty in getting you to accept the idea, and still more difficulty in inducing Bower to dispatch the Proclamation."

"Oh," said Sir Hercules, as if relieved, "all that does not matter. The responsibility lay on my shoulders. Whether I accepted Hofmeyr's suggestion or anybody else's, the action was mine."

This large way of handling facts nettled me. "There is something more than a verbal distinction between the two statements," I retorted. "There is a difference between the assertion that the Queen's representative called Mr. Hofmeyr to counsel, and sent off the Proclamation in happy accord with that gentleman, and the assertion which Hofmeyr makes that he had great difficulty in getting you to agree with him that a Proclamation should be issued, and that afterwards the sending of the Proclamation was wilfully delayed by Sir Graham Bower on all sorts of flimsy pretexts."

"Oh no, no," Sir Hercules interrupted, "nothing of the sort."

"Let me be precise," I insisted. "Hofmeyr says that he left here at twelve o'clock, having finished the wording of the Proclamation, and at three o'clock he found out that it had not been sent because Sir Graham Bower thought that you had not the right to issue a Proclamation in a foreign State. Hofmeyr met this evasion by saying that all you had to do was simply to send to Pretoria and Johannesburg the news that you had issued the Proclamation in Cape Colony, and this you consented to do. But still the Proclamation was not telegraphed to Pretoria till 5.40 in the afternoon."

"You seem to charge us," said Sir Hercules Robinson, "with being unwilling to send off the Proclamation, and yet I could have refused to send it off if I had wanted to."

"Yes," I replied, "at your own risk. Besides," I went on, "I can add something to Hofmeyr's indictment. When you did send off the Proclamation you sent it to de Wet, to be communicated 'to his Honour, the State President,' and 'to Dr. Jameson'; but you said nothing about publishing it either in Pretoria or Johannesburg, and had de Wet not taken it upon himself to publish it, it would not have reached the inhabitants of Johannesburg on the Wednesday in time to restrain them from any foolhardy adventure."

"You accuse me, in fact, of bad faith," exclaimed Sir Hercules Robinson.

"No one in South Africa," I replied, "accuses you; but Sir Graham Bower is accused of bad faith, and not on this count only."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Sir Hercules.

"You remember telling me," I went on, "that you sent a telegram to de Wet on the Monday morning repudiating the rumoured action of Jameson, and saying that you had directed his force, if it had crossed the Transvaal frontier, to return immediately."

"Certainly," he interrupted; "I sent that telegram on Monday morning."

"You may have sent it," I went on; "but it never left this office on Monday morning."

"That can be easily proved," said Sir Hercules, jumping to his feet. "I will send for Bower, and prove the time at once."

He rang the bell, and in a few moments his messenger brought Sir Graham Bower.

"Bower," exclaimed the High Commissioner, excitedly, "Harris is making most extraordinary assertions; he pretends that we have not acted in good faith about the Proclamation and our telegrams to stop Jameson."

Sir Graham Bower raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly, while Sir Hercules went on: "He says that my telegram to de Wet on Monday was not sent off in the morning, and I say that it was."

"Of course it was," said Sir Graham Bower.

"One moment," I interposed; "I not only assert that it was not sent till the afternoon—till half-past two in fact—but also that it was not sent as a Government message, and therefore did not take precedence of all the other messages, but followed two or three hundred others, and so did not reach Pretoria till nearly nine o'clock at night. I say further that you should have known that it did not reach Pretoria at the proper time; for de Wet sent you in the course of Monday three telegrams asking for instructions."

"But I sent him another one," said Sir Hercules Robinson, "answering his telegram which was marked 'urgent,' telling him to send a mounted express with my message to Jameson."

"Yes," I retorted, "but that message did not leave this office on Monday at all. It was not sent off till the Tuesday morning."

Sir Hercules got up as if he had had an electric shock. "Please, Bower," he said shortly, "bring in the Telegram Book. The times of departure will be in it, will they not?"

"Of course," said Sir Graham Bower.

"Well, bring it in, and convince Harris that he is mistaken."

"Yes," I said jeeringly, "bring it in—it will be

interesting"—and out Sir Graham Bower went to fetch it.

In a few moments he returned with a large book open in his hand.

"Well," exclaimed Sir Hercules, making a gesture of impatience, "what was the time, Bower, of the despatch of the first telegram to de Wet?"

"The time," replied Sir Graham Bower hesitatingly. "You see it was a very busy day; we were all excited; the time seems to have been omitted."

"What, Bower!" exclaimed Sir Hercules, stepping back and grasping his table as if for support; "what, Bower!" he repeated again in tones of utter astonishment.

There was a long pause, and then the High Commissioner, apparently mastering his emotion, began again.

"Is Harris right, too, Bower, when he says that my second telegram to de Wet was not sent off till Tuesday morning?"

"It left here," said Bower, "all right on Monday, but it may have been too late to go off on Monday."

"Humph," said Robinson discontentedly, sitting down at his table; "you can go, Bower," and out Sir Graham Bower went with his unhappy book.

As soon as we were alone Sir Hercules Robinson turned to me and said: "You may believe me or not, Harris, but I knew nothing of these delays and evasions—nothing. I may have been deceived by those around me, but I knew nothing of the deception. It seemed to me, and seems to me now, that Chamberlain's action in handing over the Protectorate, and dealing directly with Khama, Bathoen and Sebele, is responsible for my ignorance. All these matters should have been transacted through this Office, but he preferred to do it all over my head in London. Had these negotiations been carried on as usual through this Office, I must have heard that Jameson had 400 of his men at Pitsani besides the 200 of the Bechuanaland Police who were at Mafeking. I should have known that such a force was not there merely to protect the railway. I should have wanted explanations, and the whole thing might have been prevented. But I seem to have been kept in the dark . . . wilfully . . . by every one." And then he went on to give me his doubts and suspicions which I think it best not to reproduce and to make statements which I prefer not to publish, because, as I say again, I have not been able to verify them, and they were too sensational to put forward on any one man's authority.

FRANK HARRIS.

PAPILLON RANGÉ.

THE world is to be enriched by further instruction in the "Gentle Art of Making Enemies," for "the continued demand for this unique work has enabled the publisher to induce Mr. Whistler to consent to the issue of another edition." Oasis found in the desert of Mr. William Heinemann's Autumn List! Most exquisite announcement! Reading it, I know not whether to laugh for Mr. Whistler or cry for Mr. Heinemann, to laugh for Mr. Heinemann or cry for Mr. Whistler. It is even as a little animatophograph that re-creates a perfect scene. I see Mr. Whistler, attired delicately, lordly recumbent on a sofa, doing a series of paper-lithographs with a *planchette*. To him enter, noiselessly, Mr. Joseph Pennell, who says, "There's a person outside, Sir, says he wishes to see you on business." "*Fais l'entrer*, Joseph," says Mr. Whistler. Exit, noiselessly, Mr. Joseph Pennell, soon to usher into the presence-chamber Mr. William Heinemann. Mr. Whistler glances up through his monocle and resumes his work. Mr. Heinemann, pale with diffident resolve, shuffles nervously from one foot to the other. He is about to take a chair near the door, but another glance from Mr. Whistler causes him to start violently and change his mind. After the lapse of several minutes and the completion of several dainty planchettographs, Mr. Whistler motions the publisher forward and bids him justify his ridiculous intrusion. Mr. Heinemann blushes crimson, brushes his hat (the wrong way) with his sleeve, clears his throat furtively and stammers to the following effect: "Mr. Whistler,

Sir, you may remember, or rather I had ventured to hope you might possibly recollect, that I had the great honour of publishing a certain book, the—"Gentle Art of Making Enemies." Mr. Whistler frowns darkly at the mention of his book. Mr. Heinemann drops his hat, picks it up, apologizes and proceeds feverishly: "Well, Mr. Whistler, Sir, the—the continued demand for this (if I may so call it) unique work has emboldened me to hope that I might, as who should say, induce you to, er, in fact to consent to the issue, so to speak, of what one might call another edition." After an awful pause, Mr. Whistler says, "William Heinemann, you have been guilty of the most impudent presumption in daring to approach me on this unsavoury subject. Unless you immediately . . . What? Tears? . . . *Peste*, I never could bear to see a publisher cry. . . . There, you shall have what you want. No! I will have no thanks." He strikes a hand-bell. Enter Mr. Pennell, noiselessly. "Joseph, show this gentleman to the front-door—and give him a glass of sherry, Joseph."

I confess that, for my part, I have noted with regret the tendency to dignify Mr. Whistler, and also Mr. Whistler's evident delight in being dignified. He had always the homage of his fellow-artists, and he always scored off the critics. Why should he now accept homage from men who stand in precisely the same relation to art as did they whose dispraise he was wont to punish so prettily and swiftly? I suppose that all his gibbeting and flibbertigibbeting in the 'eighties were proof that his own esteem and the esteem of his peers were insufficient for him, and that he was really pining for what is called popular recognition. But why, you may ask, should he, a great artist, have cared a fig for the mob's ridicule? Why should he not have been, like his peers, indifferent, aloof, unruffled? Why must he needs have gone ranging around as a miniature Quixote, whose Dulcinea was his latest exhibit, and whose windmills were the crass art-critics of the daily and weekly press? How, too, came it that he, a great artist, could steal from the practice of his art time and energy enough to be a wit, a fop, a *flâneur*, a collector, a litigant, a showman, a creature of innumerable channels? These are questions which have long puzzled all Chelsea and the Latin Quarter. Mr. George Moore has sought to explain the curious phenomenon of Mr. Whistler's pugnacity and clowning by the assertion that Mr. Whistler, albeit a man of excellent health, is not, like many other great painters, a tower of physical strength; that he is one whose masterpieces have been achieved through mere nervous force, and whose nerves, overstrung at the completion of his every masterpiece, have found their relief in the concoction of epigram and the ebullition of naughty temper. Ingenious though it is, I do not hold this to be the true theory. Doubtless, in tracing the source of Mr. Whistler's eccentricities, one would come at last to his *physique*; psychological analysis always leads to the *physique*; but Mr. George Moore, in forming his theory, seems to have overlooked the intermediate step, Mr. Whistler's work. In what respect, mainly, does Mr. Whistler's work differ from that of other great painters? In this respect, surely, that Mr. Whistler has never tried conclusions with Life, has never tewed with those realistic problems which have been the constant study of the others. Life is a "fearful hornéd beast," and the others have grappled with it in open warfare, sometimes mastering it, sometimes thrown by it, but always persisting till they have made it captive. Mr. Whistler has never closed with the monster; he has but darted blithely about on the other side of the hedge and pelted it with exquisite and fantastic missiles. Save in some of his very early work—for example, in his early etchings of the river, its barges and bridges and the rigging of its boats—he has never essayed actuality. His nocturnes are beautiful as fantasies, beautiful as decorations. So, also, are his portraits. He has chosen to paint nearly all his sitters in the same dim light, with the same dark curtain behind them, arranging them in accordance with his own preconception and convention, and avoiding deliberately all the sterner problems of light and modelling. When,

nowadays, art critics prate of his "marvellous knowledge of the limitations of his medium," they mean really that marvellous knowledge of his own limitations, that divine caution, which has ever withheld him from (perhaps) higher tasks and has left him content with absolute monarchy in his own sphere. With all deference to the opinion of Mr. George Moore, I doubt whether Mr. Whistler has ever suffered greatly in the pursuit of his art. He has but delighted "in the dainty, the sharp, bright gaiety of beauty." While other great painters have, for good or ill, been tearing their hair, he has been arranging his before a mirror. While other great painters, their art being closely bound up with real life, have been unable to regard real life save as a means to an end, Mr. Whistler, after elaborating one of his own fantasies, has ever gone forth and enjoyed life, for its own sake, as a quaint and amusing thing which ought not to be missed. His work being of that imaginative kind whose chief process is in the worker's heart and brain, there was no need for him to live incessantly in his studio. He had plenty of time for dalliance with Mammon. He was little loth to be lionized, and he cared greatly for the opinion of a world which he did but profess to despise. Ridicule and stupidity, things of so slight import to his abstracted single-hearted brothers in art, stung him to the quick; insomuch that his pen became a perennial fount of witty or angry letters to the weekly papers.

They were exquisite, like the rest of him, these letters. Their writer's wit and adroitness and sense of apt words were such that, though he was generally in the wrong, he "got home every time." As with the brush, so with the pen, Mr. Whistler deftly dodged realities, ever glancing off into delicate arrangements in insolence and *argot*. Stranger to all pity, he sent his barbed and venomous shaftlets deep into the most inoffensive breasts. He was a gay, but terrible, antagonist. After the lapse of some years, he collected his letters and published them in a book of admirable design. Since that time, the old spirit of pugnacity, though it has been less often manifested, has not died in him, and there is enough material for an enlarged edition of his book. But since that time, also, he has come into his kingdom of "popular recognition." He feels, doubtless, that such a book is rather beneath his dignity. So his publisher has to be "enabled" to "induce" him to "consent." Amazing!

MAX BEERBOHM.

OUR INEFFICIENT ARMY.

"WE lavish on what is obsolete, save on what is essential, and always think that our past good luck is a guarantee of future success"—so said Lord Carnarvon twenty years ago, and it is as true now as in the scare of '78. Lord Lansdowne's Mansion House speech, and the resolution recently carried at the St. James's Hall meeting, show that there is little difference of opinion as to the need for strengthening the army; the question is, how to do it? Apparently more money is to be voted; but what the man in the street will say is, does this mean business? Are the supplies to be muddled away by that epitome of centralization and red-tape in Pall Mall, as millions have been wasted before, or is the money to be spent for once in reorganizing and bringing the land forces up to date? For there is no doubt about this, that the inefficiency of our military system is caused, not because insufficient supplies are voted by Parliament, but because the sums granted are improperly and absurdly spent—of course the inefficiency does not apply to Tommy Atkins or his officers, but to the red-tape and sealing-wax department behind them.

Nor are the enormous expense and the disproportionate result by any manner of means entirely due to absence of conscription; the fact being that while the defensive forces of the Empire absorb 62 millions sterling yearly, those of France, the next great spending Power, cost less than two-thirds that amount. We pay 38 millions for our home and Anglo-Indian army taken together—we pay 19 millions for the home troops alone, which number 137,000 men; while for 23 millions France, and 21 millions Germany, have a force with the

colours of some 600,000, and could mobilize a reserve of nearly 4 millions in six weeks. Our own War Office might possibly in six months put in line two army corps, inadequate in transport and short of horses, as the result of an expenditure of 19 millions a year.

To go into detail, some of us saw the supreme effort of the department at the Jubilee march past at Aldershot, which was well enough as far as it went, but the War Office had put all their goods in the window, and there was nothing behind. We saw no ammunition train, waggons or transport—the division could not have marched twenty miles. The field batteries paraded with 48 men and 42 horses (war strength 189 men, 172 horses), but these batteries were in the three paper army corps, which are supposed to be fit for service. In May three batteries were ordered for South Africa, and in order to send them out 73 per cent. of the men and 90 per cent. of the horses were begged, borrowed, or stolen from other units, and no less than twenty batteries were torn to pieces in order to provide 18 guns, and this in a time of profound peace. Can any indictment of the War Office be stronger than such a fact? Conceive it happening in France or Germany! As to the infantry, what was the evidence given by the military hierarchy before the Royal Commission: "Not a battalion fit to go on active service"; "An English regiment at home is like a squeezed lemon." Take the men who came up to London for the Jubilee, for whom the War Office has reduced the standard to 5 feet 3½ inches, chest measurement 32 inches; read the Report of the Inspector-General of Recruiting, where over 20 per cent. of the recruits are specials (*i.e.* under 5 feet 3½ inches and 32 inches round the chest). One must, however, credit the War Office with having originated the apotheosis of fat; boys are not to receive commissions unless they scale 9 st. 6 lb., an ukase which might have eliminated Lord Roberts, and certainly would have "cast" O'Connell's stunted corporal.

As for the cavalry, we keep, pay and feed 13,000 dragoons, and provide 8,000 horses on which to mount them, or, taking the reserve, we improve on the Templars by having three men for one horse. As for the Reserve, the ewe lamb of each successive Secretary of State from Cardwell to Lord Lansdowne, "the Reserve is somewhat of a sham" (answer before Royal Commission). And how should it be otherwise when, since some of the men have joined, projectiles, powder, guns, rifles and drill have been changed, and they have not had the chance of being trained in one of them?

Year after year we have the same charming speeches from Mr. Brodrick on one side and Sir Campbell Bannerman on the other, both of them suspiciously in accord, crammed to the muzzle with official optimism, protesting and declaring that everything is always for the best in the best of all possible armies, while every soldier in the House and every man who has served in a Volunteer battalion outside it knows perfectly well the value of what, for want of a less parliamentary expression, I may call exaggerated hyperbole. Surely it is time that this patching and tinkering were done with, and that the country were told the truth about the arm for which it pays so much.

It is easy to criticize, difficult to suggest reforms; perhaps we shall never rid ourselves of the War Office, which, like Mr. Speaker's mace, seems to be a part of the British Constitution; but we can with some trouble and expense revolutionize and improve the system under which the army is put together. At present we have three methods of recruiting—long, short and medium service. The first and second apply to the Guards and Marines and have answered thoroughly well; the third, under which 90 out of every 100 men are recruited, is a disastrous and hopeless failure. Why not adopt the methods which have succeeded and drop that which has conspicuously failed? Why not have long-service regiments for India and the Colonies, and short-service for home and reserves? At the same time pay, dress and feed your recruit properly and find him employment when he leaves the colours, by means of a labour bureau under official auspices. Of course all this costs money; but you cannot get a good article without paying market value, whether it is Mr. Atkins you want or a pound of cheese; and, after all, it is

only a premium on insurance, as the friends of the Scotch member said the other day when he died, leaving £500 to the Kirk. But whether increased estimates are prepared or not, I conclude as I began by stating that the breakdown of our military system is caused, not because sufficient sums are withheld by Parliament, but because the millions granted are muddled away by the War Office. What I fail to comprehend is that level-headed men of average common sense should cheerfully vote nineteen millions a year for a system which is certain to break down under stress of war, and is inadequate in a time of profound peace.

FRED. CARNE RASCH.

PEERAGE PEDIGREES.

SIR ANTHONY WELDON, Bart., by the help of Burke's Peerage is making himself ridiculous. Prefixed to the real pedigree of the Irish Weldon family is one of the usual romancing paragraphs putting forward—in fact, definitely stating—a descent from the ancient family of Weldon of Swanscombe in the county of Kent. As a consequence the arms of Weldon of Swanscombe are portrayed at the head of the memoir with the special crest of augmentation (a bust of Queen Elizabeth) granted by the Virgin Queen to Sir Anthony Weldon of Swanscombe, Clerk of the Spicery, as a mark of great favour. Whether or not that Sir Anthony Weldon left any descendants I am unaware; but this I do know, that there is no particle of proof to show or even to suggest that the present Baronets descend from the said Sir Anthony Weldon, Clerk of the Spicery. Nor, indeed, is there any proof to show that the Irish family is in any way connected with the family settled in Kent. Burke gives the whole supposition away by saying that the "direct" ancestor of the Irish branch of the family at the close of the sixteenth century was Thomas Weldon of Weldon. If Mr. Burke has overlooked the fact, may I point out the existence in Ulster's Office of the funeral certificate of Walter Weldon? He will there find the arms of the Irish family, which, though somewhat similar, are *not* the arms of Weldon of Swanscombe. I trust that now I have drawn attention to this certificate the Editors both of "Burke's Peerage" and Debrett will alter the arms of the present Sir Anthony in their Peerages and remove the misleading paragraph preceding the pedigree.

The paragraph with which Viscount de Vesci's lineage commences is no less strange. It runs: "The Viscounts de Vesci claim descent from the great Baronial family of de Vesci, which was of historic eminence in the time of the early kings and had summons to Parliament as Barons de Vesci in 1264." The proved genealogy then commences with the Ven. Thomas Vesey, appointed Archdeacon of Armagh 1655, four centuries later. There is no proof whatever that the Vesey family descend from the ancient de Vescis, and the opening statement and the choice of the title of de Vesci are as ludicrous as the Guinness assumption to which I recently referred. Lord Rayleigh's family "claim descent from the family of Sir Denner Strutt, of Little Warley Hall, Essex, created a Baronet in 1640." But there is not the least proof forthcoming of any such descent, and the arms are decidedly different.

Sir Richard Green-Price, Bart., is either the perpetrator of, or the sufferer from, a similar absurdity. The Price pedigree begins as follows: "This family has for several centuries been settled in the counties of Brecon and Radnor, being descended from David Price of Llanigon in the former shire, and has furnished High Sheriffs to the county of Radnor frequently during the last two centuries." After this grandiloquent beginning there is a very palpable and apparent full stop, and we learn that "at the commencement of the last century, John Price appears to have settled at Knighton." The previous remarks are quite unwarranted, as one moment's glance at the coat of arms of Sir Richard Green-Price will show that it carries no ancestry behind it.

Every single one of the Peerages makes a mistake concerning Lord Portsmouth, for in every place he figures with the name and arms of Wallop. There is not the least doubt that his grandfather, the fourth

Earl, upon succeeding to the estates of his maternal uncle, petitioned for and obtained a Royal Licence to assume the name and arms of Fellowes only, whereupon the arms of Fellowes only were exemplified to be borne by him and his issue. In this case Burke scores off Debrett, for the former gives both coats of arms and explains the circumstances, which Debrett does not. But Debrett turns the tables upon Burke concerning Lord Portarlington, whose arms are those of Dawson only, as they duly appear in Debrett. There is no authority, as far as I can learn, for the Dawson-Damer coat which figures in Burke, and which for some unexplained reason was painted upon the banner of the third Earl of Portarlington (as a Knight of St. Patrick). A Radical is often the readiest to assume and assert ancient lineage despite untoward facts. Sir James Joyce, Bart., proprietor of the "Newcastle Daily Leader," is a case in point. His real pedigree starts only with his grandfather, but "Burke's Peerage" ushers him into the noblesse with the astounding statement that "this family descended from George Jowsee, or Jowsey, and Jane Patteson, who were married at St. Andrew's Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 28 Sept., 1657, whose ancestors were the ancient family of Jowsey or Jocey of West Panes, Haddingtonshire." That Sir James descends from the West Panes family there is not an atom of proof. It is a wild conjecture. That neither family is or was illustrious is the sole reason that this supposed descent has not long since been exploded. Before his creation as a Baronet Sir James used a certain coat-of-arms attributed to a family of the name of Joyce, which arms are utterly different from those of the family of Jossey (*sic* in Lyon Register) of West Panes. Needless to say, the Baronet could not prove even these Joyce arms, and consequently his gentility and his Baronetcy are much of an age. I trust the ridiculous paragraph will now be removed. In both Peerage books Sir Edmund Elton, Bart., has arms added to his name. In reality he has no arms whatsoever. Nor has Sir Frederick Fowke, as was long ago pointed out by Foster, which fact Debrett confirms.

X.

FANTASY, PHOTOGRAPHY, EXHIBITIONS.

MR. GLEESON WHITE, in the Winter number of "The Studio," sends all our memories rambling back with an account of "Children's Books and their Illustrators." Mr. White is much too kindly a man ever to be as honest a critic of modern developments as his knowledge and taste could make him; he includes all sorts, and has a good word for most; when amiable adjectives will bear the strain no longer, he is driven into his last entrenchment, talks gravely of iconographies of the Toms, Dicks, and Harrys of the Christmas Fairy Books. Chemical analysis has something to say to the contents of the dustbin when the ragpickers have given it up for exhausted, and when an illustrator is hopelessly flat, the only way to treat him in print is doubtless to set out the dates and sizes of all his productions, and in practice to hunt for first editions of his dulness. I must confess to finding a real spirit of fun or fantasy very rarely among these entertainers of youth: I am grateful when Miss Alice Woodward strikes out some sparks of both; most of them appear to me to be Walter Cranes of the Fairy Queen and allegorical picture sections of that master's activity—that is to say, Walter Crane dispirited of fun and reduced to a mannerism of drawing, not the peerless Walter Crane of the "Fairy Ship" and the "Baby's Bouquet." Far be it from me, however, to pretend to judge for the babies; perhaps they think fun is bad form now, wonder and are pained when they see their elders choke over a drawing, and turn to a fresh attack upon "values" with their new camera. But for all who were babies any time between the early eighteenth century and twenty years ago there is something in Mr. White's collection to relight the nursery fire and bring shadowy familiars from back corners of the memory. I will forgive him about half the Birmingham School, because he has a good word for Arthur Hughes, the illustrator of "The Boy in Grey" and "At the Back of the North Wind" in "Good Words for the Young."

My own prime favourite in very early days was an Assyrian, the master innominate who did the lion hunts in a volume of Rawlinson's "Ancient Monarchies." But even the splendid beast bounding up against the arrows of the King, and the other biting in his death rage on the chariot wheel, gave place to the softer witchery of Hughes's lady stooping out of the night of her own windy coiling hair. She held my affections without a rival till members of her own family nearer the source came on the scene, Mariana and the Weeping Queens of Rossetti, in an American pirated version of Moxon's "Tennyson." This is going beyond Mr. White's bounds; but perhaps after all the books children really like are those made for the older people, and the modern child's book is made to please the grown-up and bought by them in dishonest pretence with money that ought to have been spent for the children. Thus I remember Kenny Meadows' "Shakspeare" as a happy hunting ground of humorous fancies. On the other hand, Mr. White is quite severe, for him, on Rogers of the "Ridicula Rediviva." Over this perhaps my memory is sentimental and his is cold. And I should like to get him to tell me the names of one or two books I could describe to him (they were all re-christened) or have a dip in search of them into his collection, which must be a veritable Fountain of Youth.

From whose waters, from this revisiting of the realm of fantasy and fun, I return less qualified than ever to face the exhibitions with any approach to professional etiquette. If I admire the more the tireless amiability of my brethren before No. 50 as before No. 1, and before No. 300 as before No. 50, I should like more than ever to hear them speak for once as a little child, revealing how many pains and insults and boredom worse than wounds they have suffered with a calm front, and what are the real secret boiling admirations they have held down with a temperate epithet. At this moment of the dead season and the dark days the number of pictures that offer themselves to be partially seen is incredible. There are, besides the Grafton, the two vast galleries of the Institute and the British Artists. Macleans, Tooths, Agnews, Graves and the other dealers have their autumn assortments; at Goupil's a large stock of Israels is on view; at Dunthorne's there are gleanings from Italy; at Dowdeswell's gleanings from Italy, Switzerland and Germany; at the Fine Art Society from Normandy and Brittany and the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the Holy Land. Mr. Herbert J. Finn has his gleanings at the Modern Gallery, Mr. Levis at the Hanover Gallery, and the Salons have been gleaned for yet another. But in the midst of this plethoric activity stirring news comes from the New Gallery. But a few weeks ago the conquering march of the photographers was described in these columns. At that date they already occupied two strong positions in Pall Mall and Piccadilly. Retreating strategically thence in good order before the New English and the Old Watercolours, they have by a brilliant move captured the very stronghold of the most exclusive art, and a detachment of snap-shooters is now encamped in those marble halls beside the sacred pond. O Hallé! O Carr! whither will you fly from this fresh outrage? After this it will be an anti-climax if we find that the Royal Academy in clearing out the Old Masters has really been paving the way for a winter exhibition of the photographic originals of summer pictures. While awaiting fresh triumphs I will copy some glittering details from the proclamation sent out from the New Gallery. There are kodak photographs by

H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

H.R.H. the Duchess of York.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Fife.

H.R.H. the Princess Victoria of Wales.

H.R.H. the Princess Henry of Battenberg.

There are also

2,500 Competition Pictures.

On this I will only dare to remark that never surely were the royal and democratic principles so magnificently combined. To hint at over-exposure in royal kodaks would be treason to the first, to indulge a preference among competition pictures would be unsafe when the competitors are so numerous. But thanks to one and all. The doom of the hand-painted picture as a social toy is sealed. Soon will studios be in the

market at reasonable rents, the artist stripped of the silly halo round his head, will be put back in his proper place, the Art Schools turned into bicycle tracks, and the Year's Art cease to be co-extensive with the general Directory. The time of expansion has come to an end and that of contraction has begun. The French Minister of Fine Arts has, with a fine irony, housed the separated Salons in the Hall of Machines, still with separate beds, as he put it, but in one chamber. Over here, perhaps, by the end of the century the Academy will suffice for the remnants of a disabused host, and forty appear an excessive number of official painters.

Even as it is, one would think the outsider has ceased to have any grievance. Where is the amateur so friendless and devoid of skill that he cannot get hung in one or other of those exhibitions? None of them, the Academy least of all, has any pretension to character or policy. At the British Artists catholicity ranges from Burne-Jones to "Pick-Me-Up"; the Institute secures with equal complacency a bad Watts and a trifling Sargent. British Art is in a bad way with this levelling tendency at work on all sides. Here are the critics singling out at the British Artists not the faithful cathedrals of Sir Wyke, every line of them throbbing with a sonnet, not the ennobling landscape, not the affecting animal, not the pure home scene, but, if you please, a music-hall scene by Mr. Ponsonby Staples. Here is a terrible revenge; it has come to this, that the Subject has turned and rent its worshippers, and begins an inverted tyranny. Here is a music-hall subject, the logic runs, therefore it is advanced and artistic. Now that the versatile Mr. Staples has shown the way, we shall have scores of dear old gentlemen doing this sort of thing, if Suffolk Street ceases to be true to itself.

The case of the "Pick-Me-Up" man is different. Here are several men—Messrs. Manuel, Sime and Eckhardt—who have displayed a good deal of wit in black-and-white draughtsmanship—wit of the somewhat cruel school of Forain, Lautrec, Steinlen. At Suffolk Street they endeavour to pass over into painting. That step for the satiric draughtsman is always a dubious one, for he may lose much of the acid wit of his line and gain very little. But it is just to say of Mr. Sime that his conception of a "Lonely Road" deserved painting; the black shadowy figures shivering past a churchyard in the night are touched with fantastic fear. Mr. Manuel, again, had a good idea in his "Happy Day at Rosherville." But the medium has benumbed him. His drawing of the scene would have been a sharp comment; this is not only an account of clumsy merriment, but a clumsy account, and the colours are represented in the taste of the people who wear them. But he will perhaps do it again, and do it better; the *fête champêtre* in that odd Cockney classic garden is rich material.

Another draughtsman may be mentioned here who has adventured into colour from the base of the comic papers. This is Mr. Jack Yeats, whose drawings are to be seen at Messrs. Cliffords' in the Haymarket. The comic character of these drawings is often delightful, depending on knowledge of the ways of horses and horsemen, countrymen, the humours of the fair. For an example, take the queer strained figure of "The Rib-binder." But combined with this fun is a curious feeling for colour and mystery, a blend of poetry that raises the observation to a graver level while leaving a pleasing oddity in design and character. It would be difficult to predict how so curiously blended a talent will settle itself, but something good ought to come of the blend.

At the Institute the visitor will be best advised to look for some of the quieter landscape work, such as that of Messrs. Aumonier, Peppercorn, J. S. Hill. Mr. Alfred Withers threatens to burst a subject with which he has pleased us several times. This time he paints his mill larger and with no more in it than before. There is nothing better than Mr. Austen Brown's "Winter." With these men may be grouped Mr. William Estall, who shows a number of landscapes at Mr. Van Wisselingh's. Safely ensconced among the fields and woods of Daubigny and Mauve, Mr. Estall shyly pushes out for himself now and again, with charming

results, as in the scene of moonlight and dawn on the Yorkshire moors.

I must leave over the New English Art Club till next week, only notifying those of my readers who follow with interest the work of Charles Shannon, and those others who saw with surprise his name bracketed with that of Sir Edward Burne-Jones in the Munich awards, that the first oil-painting he has, so far as I know, shown in London is to be seen at that exhibition.

D. S. M.

MOTTL; AND THE ANALYTIC PROGRAMME.

REALLY some one must get an Act of Parliament passed for the better regulation if not the actual suppression of the analytic programmist. Lately I have thought with some seriousness of going round to all the members of Parliament I know and persuading them to rush the Government some night; but I am afraid I don't know any, or at any rate enough for the purpose. Besides, members of Parliament take no interest in music. Mr. Balfour used at one time to attend concerts; but it is obvious he never does now, else he would certainly have moved in the matter. The programmist is a standing outrage on our oldest and most hallowed traditions. We have believed for centuries that an Englishman's stall was his castle; but in the insidious shape of an analytic programme the programmist enters your castle and insists upon your listening to his uninteresting views on the grandest subjects. Either he shakes you into unseemly mirth at the least appropriate moments or makes you writhe with exasperation when you most need all your faculties in perfect, peaceful working order to listen to some divine thing of Beethoven or Mozart or Wagner. It may be objected that one need not read the programme. I retort that—with your modern conductors—one must have a programme to learn whether Tchaikowsky or Mozart is being played, and having obtained one, it is not human nature to refrain from reading it. Mr. Jacques's programmes for the Queen's Hall Saturday afternoon concerts and for the Lamoureuxs have always had a glittering unholy fascination for me; and some of my brethren of the Press cannot resist the temptation to quote them, with laughter. Mr. Ashton Ellis's programmes for the Schulz-Curtius concerts at one time consisted of malapropian selections from Wagner's prose works; but of late this gentleman has broken out into a degree of definite originality that not only amazes one at present but promises still more amazing things for the future. It is impossible not to hope after reading the following. "This interlude," the Trauermarsch from the "Dusk of the Gods," "is often called a 'funeral march,' but quite erroneously. Siegfried has just been slain by a thrust in the back from Hagen's treacherous spear. His body is placed upon his shield and borne along the banks of the Rhine to the Hall of the Gibichungs, the cortège lit from time to time by the fitful rays of the moon; in all that retinue there is not one friend of Siegfried. The music seems to tell us this, for it is wholly occupied with motives from the hero's life, eclipsing by their majesty all those who shadowlike attend his body." Now I ask the reader to note in the first place that the march is a funeral march in any but the most restricted sense of the word; that Siegfried's body is not placed upon his shield, but upon a bier, his shield being used to cover him; that the rays of the moon are not fitful; that so far from Siegfried having no friends in the retinue the stage-directions for the moment of his death are "motionless grief of all around"; that the music is not wholly occupied with motives from Siegfried's life, but may on the contrary be regarded as a history in little of the whole Volsung race, for it begins with the old Volsung theme, gives us next the love of Siegmund and Sieglinde, and then goes rapidly, with many skips, through Siegfried's career down to his death, and ends with the curse theme and the triumph of Hagen and Alberich. These programmes are supposed to instruct the audience; but what good purpose can such instruction serve? When Mr. Jacques tells us that the working-out of the first movement of Beethoven's Fourth symphony is largely made out of

an entirely new theme, he merely follows Sir George Grove in a slip for which one can forgive him, although I showed last year that the "entirely new theme" is not new at all, but merely a modification of an old phrase. Similarly one excuses Mr. Ashton Ellis when he takes one of the violin parts and calls it the theme of the finale of the Tchaikowsky Pathetic symphony; for we know it is not every one who can read part-writing so complicated as that particular subject. But there is absolutely no excuse when a writer cannot describe without gross inaccuracies and banalities such pieces as Trauermarsch or the Hebrides overture or Siegfried's Journey to the Rhine or a harmless little new French thing. In the case of the Mottl concerts these blunders are more offensive on account of the air of Bayreuth superiority. Of course I am becoming accustomed to that, for I am still struggling with Mr. Chamberlain's huge and incredibly dull book on Wagner, wherein he devotes a whole chapter to explaining why he cannot explain the Bayreuth "idea" although he feels how high it lifts him above the common ruck of humanity. But those who are not reading Mr. Chamberlain's book—and I hope they are many—have not had the wind tempered to their lamblike natures in this way; and they must feel Mr. Ellis's programmes as a sort of north-east draught blowing on them throughout the concert. What can be done, failing a special Act of Parliament or an Order in Council, I cannot tell—unless indeed it some day occurs to Mr. Schulz-Curtius and to Mr. Robert Newman that the public wants in the case of old works no guidance whatever and in the case of new ones only a list of the themes. Why should not this plan be tried, and the analytic programmist and his fatuities be banished for ever? While apologizing for this long disquisition, let me point out how long I have suffered in silence before pleading for the abolition of the nuisance.

Mr. Schulz-Curtius did not bill Beethoven as the conductor of his own Eighth symphony. This was a grave oversight. Mr. Schulz-Curtius should remember his very wide-awake competitors who have lately bethought them that autumn concerts might prove an interesting novelty; and if they can get Beethoven there is no earthly reason why he should not. We wanted Beethoven or some one else rather urgently on Tuesday night; for Beethoven is one of the composers to whom Mottl rarely does justice. That loveliest of symphonies, the Eighth, demands the most perfect singing from the first note to the last, and Mottl simply flogged the band through it. Those who have heard Richter play it will remember his easy grace and contentment with the shining beauty of the work; there was nothing forced or hurried or worried; there was no heat. Mottl resorted to an opposite mode of treatment. He drove it furiously, madly, angrily; the friction developed vast quantities of heat; he had no patience with its still beauty; he must needs try to make it dramatic and passionate. The result was sheer ineffectiveness, dullness, irritation. It is only fair to Mottl to say that the concert had not started well, and that he may have felt a little discomposed in consequence. It opened with a suite of Bizet—"L'Arlesienne"—which I remember either Richter or Henschel playing some time ago. The effect was to hazard the success of the whole concert. It was composed for a drama by Daudet; and it is essentially theatrical music—essentially French theatrical music. Were it not for the Adagio, originally meant to accompany "the meeting of two elderly peasant lovers," one might describe it as destitute of a bar of true music. That Adagio is certainly as tender and lovely a miniature as ever was made by musician; but even it, handled by Mottl with quite Lamoureuxian delicacy, could not save us from a chill of disappointment and depression as the stream of cheap French vulgarity forming the last movement went over us. "Carmen" proves how clever Bizet could be; that he was shallow and had a disagreeable strain of commonness in him the suite bears witness. It was a bad enough mistake to commence the concert with this, but it was an even worse one to let Madame Gulbranson come on next to sing three Grieg songs, especially the three she chose. In setting the final lullaby from "Peer Gynt" Grieg has entirely missed its unfathomable depth of tenderness; he has

condescended to crib from the music-hall in setting a "Nocturne in Words" by Björnson; and the "Swan" song is at best a graceful nothing. Some of these songs, it is rumoured, were written to please the Philharmonic Society; and if this is true much is explained. But Madame Gulbranson has no genius for singing Grieg. She bow-bowed him in the big dramatic manner: her voice sounded hard and rough; her manner seemed coarse and uncultivated. After this it was small wonder if Mottl did not quite feel in the vein for Beethoven's least aggressive symphony; but I wish he had found something else than it to avenge himself on. If he had taken the life of an innocent bandsman, or hurled his stick at an offending late-comer amongst the audience, his sin would have been, by comparison, venial.

However, in the second part of the concert, which was entirely Wagner, things brightened up wonderfully, as I had anticipated. Siegfried's Journey to the Rhine has often been better done on the whole, but there are some portions in which Mottl cannot be approached. The sudden flash of light that seems to come from the orchestra with the jingle of the glockenspiel when Siegfried catches sight of the river, sparkling in the sun, came off exquisitely; the mighty sweep of the surging Rhine theme almost persuaded one that the Rhine is as tremendous a flood as it appears to the imagination of the average German, who has never seen a real river; and the marvellous change of feeling when the "Dusk of the Gods" theme and an echo of the Rhinedaughters' song are heard was effected without the slightest loss of continuity. The latter portion of the Journey to the Rhine is surely one of the most beautiful things in existence. Every one has experienced that sudden change of mood which for a time takes the brightness out of the sunlight and fills all nature's sounds with melancholy; and here we have it communicated with extraordinary fidelity. One thinks of the mournful song of the river on a damp chilly autumn evening, when the air is filled with gloom and a sense of overhanging tragedy. It is the same mood, with a small difference, as we get again in the last act of the "Dusk of the Gods" when Siegfried comes upon the nymphs and they tell him that to-day he must die. The Forest-music from "Siegfried" was fine, though hardly so fine; but the Funeral March (pace Mr. Ashton Ellis) was incomparably done. It, like the Rhine-journey, is one of Wagner's tip-top things, and like it also, one of his most mournful. In the Rhine-journey we have the sense of impending doom; here everything is accomplished, and we have a lament stupendous in its breadth and stately power as well as in its poignancy; the harvest is gathered in, and in the darkness the cold wind sings drearily over the stubble field. It is the highest compliment to Madame Gulbranson to say that even after Mottl's magnificent playing of this, her singing of the finale was not anticlimactic. Evidently she is at her best in Wagner's, or perhaps only the Brunnhilde, music. Her voice seemed rounder and nobler in quality; her phrasing was dignified; while her expression in at least two places—"Alles, alles" and "Ruhe, ruhe, du Gott"—was equal to Miss Brema's when Miss Brema is at her best. But unfortunately Madame Gulbranson has not Miss Brema's artistic conscience any more than she has Miss Brema's finished technique. Both in singing and in her public behaviour she has much to learn. Immediately her part was done she sat down in a graceful attitude and smiled so sweetly upon her friends in the audience that a large number of presumably uneducated men, women and girls got up and went out with much fuss, while one of the best things was yet to come—the music for the burning of Walhalla. I hope never to see anything like it again produced by a singer. An Italian tenor would have known better. By the way, why does Mr. Schulz-Curtius no longer observe his ancient rule of allowing no one to go in or out during the performance of a piece? I myself was Bayreuthed once and had to stand in a draught outside for twenty minutes. Now lots of people, not nearly so important as I think myself, come in and out just as they please. The Mottl concerts instead of being stricter than other concerts in this respect are in fact a good deal less strict than

some. Nevertheless they are the best concerts we have, and I wish we could get more of them. No one must miss Richard Strauss on Tuesday, 7 December. I think little enough of his music; but he only plays two specimens of it, and is said to be a very fine conductor of the Wagner pieces which fill the remainder of the programme.

Unfortunately I must leave over Mr. Wood's and some other concerts until next week, also a letter from a gentleman who says I know no Gaelic and complains bitterly because I did not know that "Diarmid" was an excellent book until it was altered—by Mr. Joseph Bennett?—to suit Mr. MacCunn's requirements. I may say at once that the accusation of knowing no Gaelic is well founded. Who cares to know Gaelic?

J. F. R.

ON PLEASURE BENT.

UP to a certain point, I have never flinched from martyrdom. By far the heaviest demand ever made upon me by the public weal is that which nearly three years ago devoted my nights to the theatres and my days to writing about them. If I had known how exceedingly trying the experience would be, I am not sure that I should not have seen the public weal further before making this supreme sacrifice to it. But I had been so seldom to the theatre in the previous years that I did not realize its horrors. I firmly believe that the trials upon which I then entered have injured my brain. At all events matters reached a crisis after the critical activities of last week. I felt that I must have a real experience of some kind, under conditions, especially as regards fresh air, as unlike those of the stalls as possible. After some consideration it occurred to me that if I went into the country, selected a dangerous hill, and rode down it on a bicycle at full speed in the darkest part of the night, some novel and convincing piece of realism might result. It did.

Probably no man has ever misunderstood another so completely as the doctor misunderstood me when he apologized for the sensation produced by the point of his needle as he corrected the excessive openness of my countenance after the adventure. To him who has endured points made by actors for nearly three years, the point of a surgeon's darning needle comes as a delicious relief. I did not like to ask him to put in a few more stitches merely to amuse me, as I had already, through pure self-indulgence, cut into his Sunday rest to an extent of which his kindness made me ashamed; but I doubt if I shall ever see a play again without longing for the comparative luxury of that quiet country surgery, with the stillness without broken only by the distant song and throbbing drum-beat of some remote Salvation Army corps, and the needle, with its delicate realism, touching my sensibilities, stitch, stitch, stitch, with absolute sincerity in the hands of an artist who had actually learned his business and knew how to do it.

To complete the comparison it would be necessary to go into the economics of it by measuring the doctor's fee against the price of a stall in a West End theatre. But here I am baffled by the fact that the highest art revolts from an equation between its infinite value and a finite pile of coin. It so happened that my voice, which is an Irish voice, won for me the sympathy of the doctor. This circumstance must appear amazing almost beyond credibility in the light of the fact that he was himself an Irishman; but so it was. He rightly felt that sympathy is beyond price, and declined to make it the subject of a commercial transaction. Thereby he made it impossible for me to mention his name without black ingratitude; for I know no more effectual way of ruining a man in this country than by making public the smallest propensity on his part to adopt a benevolent attitude towards necessitous strangers. Here the West End manager will perhaps whisper reproachfully, "Well; and do I ever make you pay for your stall?" To which I cannot but reply, "Is that also due to the sympathy my voice awakens in you when it is raised every Saturday?" I trust I am not ungrateful for my invitations; but to expect me to feel towards the manager who lacerates my nerves, enfeebles my mind, and destroys my character, as I did

owards the physician who healed my body, refreshed my soul, and flattered my vocal accomplishments when I was no more to him than an untimely stranger with an unheard-of black eye, is to dethrone justice and repudiate salvation. Besides, he said it was a mercy I was not killed. Would any manager have been of that opinion?

Perhaps the most delightful thing about this village was that its sense of the relative importance of things was so rightly adjusted that it had no theatrical gossip; for this doctor actually did not know who I was. With a cynicism for which his charity afterwards made me blush, I sought to reassure him as to the pecuniary competence of his muddy, torn, ensanguined and facially spoiled visitor by saying "My name is G. B. S.," as who should say "My name is Cecil Rhodes, or Henry Irving, or William of Germany." Without turning a hair, he sweetly humoured my egotistic garrulity by replying, in perfect lightness of heart, "Mine's F—: *what are you?*" Breathing at last an atmosphere in which it mattered so little who and what G. B. S. was, that nobody knew either one or the other, I almost sobbed with relief whilst he threaded his needle with a nice white horsehair, tactfully pretending to listen to my evasive murmur that I was a "sort of writer," an explanation meant to convey to him that I earned a blameless living by inscribing names in letters of gold over shop windows and on perforated wire blinds. To have brought the taint of my factitious little vogue into the unperverted consciousness of his benevolent and sensible life would have been the act of a serpent.

On the whole, the success of my experiment left nothing to be desired; and I recommend it confidently for imitation. My nerves completely recovered their tone and my temper its natural sweetness. I have been peaceful, happy and affectionate ever since, to a degree which amazes my associates. It is true that my appearance leaves something to be desired; but I believe that when my eye becomes again visible, the softness of its expression will more than compensate for the surrounding devastation.

However, a man is something more than an omelette; and no extremity of battery can tame my spirit to the point of submitting to the sophistry by which Mr. Beerbohm Tree has attempted to shift the guilt of "Katharine and Petruchio" from his shoulders and Garrick's to those of Shakespeare. I have never hesitated to give our immortal William as much of what he deserves as is possible considering how far his enormities transcend my powers of invective; but even William is entitled to fair play. Mr. Tree contends that as Shakespeare wrote the scenes which Garrick tore away from their context, they form a genuine Shakespearean play; and he outdares even this audacity by further contending that since the play was performed for the entertainment of Christopher Sly the tinker, the more it is debauched the more appropriate it is. This line of argument is so breath-bereaving that I can but gasp out an inquiry as to what Mr. Tree understands by the one really eloquent and heartfelt line uttered by Sly:—"Tis a very excellent piece of work: would 'twere done!"

This stroke, to which the whole Sly interlude is but as the handle to the dagger, appears to me to reduce Mr. Tree's identification of the tastes of his audiences at Her Majesty's with those of a drunken tinker to a condition distinctly inferior to that of my left eye at present. The other argument is more seriously meant, and may even impose upon the simplicity of the Cockney playgoer. Let us test its principle by varying its application. Certain anti-Christian propagandists, both here and in America, have extracted from the Bible all these passages which are unsuited for family reading, and have presented a string of them to the public as a representative sample of Holy Writ. Some of our orthodox writers, though intensely indignant at this controversial ruse, have nevertheless not scrupled to do virtually the same thing with the Koran. Will Mr. Tree claim for these collections the full authority, dignity, and inspiration of the authors from whom they are culled? If not, how does he distinguish Garrick's procedure from theirs? Garrick took from a play of Shakespeare's all the passages

which served his baser purpose, and suppressed the rest. Had his object been to discredit Shakespeare in the honest belief that Shakespeareolatry was a damnable error, we might have respected "Katharine and Petruchio" even whilst deploring it. But he had no such conviction: in fact, he was a professed Shakespeareolater, and no doubt a sincere one, as far as his wretched powers of appreciation went. He debased "The Taming of the Shrew" solely to make money out of the vulgarity of the taste of his time. Such a transaction can be defended on commercial grounds: to defend it on any other seems to me to be either an artistic misdemeanour or a profession of Philistinism. If Mr. Tree were to declare boldly that he thinks "Katharine and Petruchio" a better play than "The Taming of the Shrew," and that Garrick, as an actor-manager, knew his business better than a mere poet, he would be within his rights. He would not even strain our credulity; for a long dynasty of actor-managers, from Cibber to Sir Henry Irving, have been unquestionably sincere in preferring their own acting versions to the unmutated masterpieces of the genius on whom they have lavished lip-honour. But Mr. Tree pretends to no such preference: on the contrary, he openly stigmatizes the Garrick version as tinker's fare, and throws the responsibility on Shakespeare because the materials were stolen from him.

I do not wish to pose academically at Mr. Tree. My object is a practical one: I want to intimidate him into a thorough mistrust of his own judgment where Shakespeare is concerned. He is about to produce one of Shakespeare's great plays, "Julius Cæsar"; and he is just as likely as not to cut it to ribbons. The man who would revive "Katharine and Petruchio" at this time of day would do anything un-Shakespearean. I do not blame him for this: it is a perfectly natural consequence of the fact that, like most actors and managers, he does not like Shakespeare and does not know him, although he conforms without conscious insincerity to the convention as to the Swan's greatness. I am far from setting up my own Shakespearean partialities and intimacies, acquired in my childhood, as in any way superior to Mr. Tree's mature distaste or indifference. But I may reasonably assume—though I admit that the assumption is unusual and indeed unprecedented—that Shakespeare's plays are produced for the satisfaction of those who like Shakespeare, and not as a tedious rite to celebrate the reputation of the author and enhance that of the actor. Therefore I hope Mr. Tree, in such cutting of "Julius Cæsar" as the limits of time may force upon him, will carefully retain all the passages which he dislikes and cut out those which seem to him sufficiently popular to meet the views of Christopher Sly. He will not, in any case, produce an acting version as good as Mr. Forbes Robertson's "Hamlet," because Mr. Forbes Robertson seems to have liked "Hamlet"; nor as good as Mr. George Alexander's "As You Like It," because Mr. Alexander apparently considers Shakespeare as good a judge of a play as himself; but we shall at least escape a positively anti-Shakespearean "Julius Cæsar." If Mr. Tree had suffered as much as I have from seeing Shakespeare butchered to make a cockney's holiday, he would sympathize with my nervousness on the subject.

As I write—or rather as I dictate—comes the remarkable news that the London managers have presented the Vice-Chamberlain with 500 ounces of silver. One cannot but be refreshed by the frank publicity of the proceeding. When the builders in my parish proffer ounces of silver to the sanitary inspector, they do so by stealth, and blush to find it fame. But the Vice-Chamberlain, it appears, may take presents from those over whom he is set as an inspector and judge without a breath of scandal. It seems to me, however, that the transaction involves a grave injustice to Mr. Redford. Why is he to have nothing? A well-known Irish landlord once replied to a threatening letter by saying, "If you expect to intimidate me by shooting my agent, you will be disappointed." One can imagine Mr. Redford saying to the managers in a similar spirit, "If you expect to bribe me by presenting 500 ounces of silver to my vice-principal, you will be disappointed." I do not suppose that Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane has dreamt of giving any serious thought to this aspect of

what I shall permit myself to describe as a ludicrously improper proceeding; for the Censorial functions of his department will not bear serious thought. His action is certainly according to precedent. Sir Henry Herbert, who, as Master of the Revels to Charles I., did much to establish the traditions of the Censorship, has left us his grateful testimony to the civility of a contemporary actor-manager who tactfully presented his wife with a handsome pair of gloves. Still, that actor-manager did not invite the Press to report the speech he made on the occasion, nor did he bring a large public deputation of his brother managers with him. I suggest that his example in this respect should be followed in future rather than that of Tuesday last. I shall be told, no doubt, that Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane has nothing to do with the licensing of plays. And I shall immediately retort, "What then have the London managers to do with Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane?"

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE figures of the Bank Return on Thursday were at once more interesting and more gratifying than they were last week. Government securities increased by £360,000 and other securities by £196,097, results due to repayment of loans by the Bank and borrowings and repayments by the brokers. Other deposits rose £631,748, whilst £408,613 were added to the public deposits. An increase of bullion to the extent of £404,153 was accounted for by a sum of £58,000 from abroad and the return of sovereigns from Scotland. There was an increase of over half a million in the Reserve, and the proportion of "reserve" to "liabilities" stood at 48·29 per cent., or $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. higher than at the previous return. Short loans generally were negotiated at $1\frac{1}{4}$ to 2 per cent., there having been ample supplies in the market. Three-months Bank paper was discounted at $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., even higher rates having been asked as the week advanced and bills became scarce. Four-months bills were generally arranged at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and those of six-months date at $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

Idleness characterized nearly all departments of the Stock Exchange during the week. Consols hardened to the extent of about a half, prospects of somewhat easier terms in the Money Market, added to the generally peaceful relations between England and other Continental Powers, being accountable. Home Rails were firm on the better outlook in the engineering dispute, but prices showed no important changes and business was almost at a standstill. American Rails idly followed the Wall Street lead, the market on this side having been without individuality, and at the opening yesterday changes were not important as compared with last Saturday's closing. Trunks strengthened considerably, but Canadian Pacifics became somewhat weaker. There was nothing worthy of note among Foreign Railway securities. International securities were not without interest, Greeks showing firmness, whilst Turks, after a slight relapse, showed a disposition to recover. Spanish Fours experienced some ups and downs, but the opening price yesterday—60 $\frac{3}{4}$ —showed little material change.

Whilst the Westralian Market gradually lost ground during the week, the Kaffir Market showed further signs of returning interest. It is some weeks now since we pointed out that the return of activity in the Kaffir circus generally would be preceded by a sort of semi-boom in Rhodesian securities. The past week has somewhat confirmed our forecast; Rhodesian securities have received favourable attention, and there is little doubt that in the absence of adverse circumstances this must be followed by a better tone and increased activity throughout the South African section of the Mining Market. It must never be forgotten that in many respects better-class Kaffir shares are in a very different position to their Westralian brethren. Where the latter form a market of top-prices, sustained by the influence of their backers—the Whittaker-Wright group, the Joint Stock group, and the Stonehams—Kaffir shares

are fairly held by the public, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the South African is at the present moment less artificial than any market in the Stock Exchange. The feature during the week was Matabele Gold Reefs, which simply strode along, the price on Wednesday and Thursday ranging about 6 $\frac{1}{16}$, though higher prices had been touched. Reports regarding this Company were at first very vague, but afterwards took a more definite shape. It was even asserted that the directors cabled three times for confirmation of the trial crushing, and in each case received a favourable reply. What the result of the crushing might have been was not revealed, the market rumours having varied from 500 ozs. to 1,000 ozs. Other Rhodesian shares showed distinct strength, but changes were not so important, and dealings were on a slight scale. The South African Market was quiet but firm, without much change worthy of note.

Although the Transvaal Raad has risen without carrying out the reforms suggested by the Industrial Commission, the African Market has taken on a notably firm tone during the week. Rand Mines especially have risen to over 32. The advance shows the strength of the position of mining undertakings in the Transvaal at present, and when the public once realizes this strength the long anticipated boom will doubtless arrive. As we have pointed out over and over again, there are no other sure investments in the market bringing in half the interest that the first-class mines of the Rand afford at their present prices. The advance in deep levels has been particularly notable, and is thoroughly justified by the admirable prospects of these undertakings. The economies in working that have been effected during the present year have been almost as important to the industry as the reforms suggested by the Commission would have been if they had been carried out in their entirety. When the investing public understands this important fact, the upward movement which has already commenced cannot fail to become more pronounced. We understand that the Rand Mines will declare a dividend very shortly.

The Westralian section of the Mining Market was by no means in its usual form this week, though prices were fairly well maintained considering the profit-taking that took place during the earlier part of the week. In addition to this, favourable news continued to be received from the Colony. But, in spite of all these favourable signs, it is impossible to blind oneself to the fact that prices among the leading groups are quite as high as they ought to be, that shares are but inadequately held by the public, and that the market is bolstered up by the financial groups who control the more popular companies. These people are quite powerful enough to hold up a comparatively small market like the Westralian, whilst they patiently wait for some show of enthusiasm on the part of the public. Then they, no doubt, hope to unload some of their holdings at a substantial figure. There is no special feature to be recorded, and, speaking generally, it may be said that prices have drooped to the extent of about $\frac{1}{8}$.

The air of satirical criticism that used to characterize the City article of the "Pall Mall Gazette" has apparently given place to a disposition of honest admiration. Only the other day we had occasion to refer to the extraordinary change of tone adopted by that journal towards the European Petroleum Corporation. Mr. Whittaker Wright and his group of Westralian enterprises are now the objects of laudatory comment. A full column of the "Pall Mall Gazette" of Thursday last was devoted to uncompromising praise of the London and Globe, the Ivanhoe and the Lake View. In view of our statement above, that the difficulty and weakness of the Westralian Market at the present time is that the public are not sufficiently interested, the "Pall Mall's" praise may assist Mr. Whittaker Wright and his friends in arousing the interest of outside investors.

The Miscellaneous Market presented one or two interesting features during the week. Coats continued

to be affected by the dividend, though after the first surprise the market was inclined to take a more favourable view of the announcement. It is now generally believed that the small dividend is almost entirely due to readjustment of accounts. In addition to this it has been realized that the advantages arising by the recent amalgamations have not yet been felt. The price was over 60 throughout the week, though the market was still handicapped by the difficulties of the position in Glasgow. Dunlop Deferred shares were freely offered at 15s. on the extraordinary circular to which we refer elsewhere. Another interesting element of the Industrial department was supplied by electric light shares, which received a lot of attention on Thursday. The immediate cause of this was the statement that an important announcement will be made to the shareholders of the Electric Construction Company. On 15 January an issue of £190,000 Four per Cent. Perpetual First Mortgage Debenture stock will be made, to redeem the existing £150,000 Six per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures. This will save the company nearly £4,000 per annum, and the terms of exchange are that for every £100 Debenture the company will receive £100 Debenture stock and £3 in cash as well as interest due.

Mr. Gordon, of Hotel fame, has proved himself a very clever man. The Messrs. Holland and Mr. Sidney, who led the crusade against their chairman, have been compelled to retire; these gentlemen having grown too big for their own boots are no doubt by this time convinced of the efficacy of Mr. Gordon's footgear. But Mr. Gordon has done more than part company with these rebellious spirits. He has filled their places and strengthened his board by the addition of a very powerful group.

Sir Henry Burdett is to be deputy chairman. This is a great score, for Sir Henry has only just resigned his important position on the Stock Exchange, is extremely influential, and has as clean a reputation as any man in the City. But of more importance still is the fact that Sir Henry is indefatigable in his attendance to duty, has a thorough grasp of financial matters, and will take care that nothing with which he is connected shall be conducted in a slipshod manner. With him will be associated on the Gordon Hotels Board Mr. Lawson Johnston of Bovril fame, Mr. Byas, a director of A. & F. Pears, Limited, Mr. Clay, of Bass & Company, and Mr. Coxon, who has long acted as secretary to the company. Those who patronise the Gordon Hotels can at least guess what they are eating and drinking, and may make a fair assumption as to the source of their toilet soap. To this eminent financial and commercial board it would have been well to add some one of artistic instincts. The decoration and fittings of the average Gordon Hotel are English—ponderous, funereal and incongruous to a degree. Does it not dawn upon the management that even visitors to the Gordon Hotels may be educated up to higher things?

The circular issued by the Dunlop Company during the current week came as a shock to the market, and a puzzling surprise to the shareholders and public at large. Put into ordinary, but we fear inexplicable, English it amounts to a statement that the company is doing so remarkably well that the directors will not declare an interim dividend, but will withhold distribution till the end of the year. In the meantime they "have felt called upon to make certain dispositions in the interests of this company, which have absorbed a considerable sum of money in the form of investments. These investments are not of the ordinary character, but have been made with a view to consolidating the business of the company for many years to come." The rest of the circular is pure padding, whilst the little we have repeated is vague enough to satisfy the most complete mystery monger. What can it mean? Why do not the directors reveal their hand? What reason can there be for this mystery? As far as the shareholders are concerned all they can gather from the circular is that the directors courted a fall in the shares on the market by abstaining from the usual

interim dividend declaration. Their excuse for this strange step is made in such vague and guarded language that they are committed to nothing in particular, and there seems to be some reason why shareholders should not be let into the directors' confidence. Are the "dispositions" connected with the law in any way?

Matters look very serious for Spain. The Cuban trouble, it is estimated, costs the country nearly £60,000 per day. The treasury receipts are decreasing to an alarming extent, those for the month of October having shown a falling off of 7,000,000 pesetas, whilst the National debt increases by leaps and bounds. It is hinted that some of the big foreign bankers and financiers are trying to unload their Spanish holdings on to the public in view of a crisis. Whether such is the case or not there can be no doubt as to the coming shock. An opinion prevails among shrewd men of business who know the country that the climax will be reached through the action of the Carlists.

On Tuesday the report of the Committee of Inquiry into the affairs of the Queensland National Bank was laid before the House of Assembly. It is acknowledged that a part of the losses incurred were due to shrinkage in values, but the Committee point out very deliberately that the majority of accounts were injudicious. Carried away by the absurd spirit of optimism that pervaded so many banking institutions regarding the Colony's future, the management of the Queensland National rushed recklessly into incautious trading. The advances were excessive, the Bank in many cases risking more than its clients.

The auditors have defended themselves by stating that although they knew certain things were wrong they accepted the assurance of Mr. Drury, the General Manager, that they were right. This defence is, on the face of it, weak, if not damning. Against this Mr. Drury the charges of the Committee are definite and crushing. He advanced large sums to himself without the sanction of the Board. The deficiency in Sir Thomas McLlwraith's account in his own name amounts to £190,700. Sir Thomas has declared that Mr. Drury was his partner in six out of the eight overdrawn accounts; but there is nothing in the books to confirm such a statement. Many other interesting facts are referred to in the Committee's report, but they are too numerous to mention. Suffice to say that they give an excellent idea of the extraordinary extent to which the management lost its head over the Mount Morgan boom and other disturbing influences.

When speaking on the prosperity of his own Colony Sir John Forrest bubbles over with optimistic eloquence, and we can picture the sight of his tall, well filled form unravelling the Budget to the West Australian Legislative Assembly. Certainly there is some excuse for Sir John, Westralia having made huge strides during the year ended 30 June last. The population increased by 40,000. The revenue, £2,842,751, showed an increase of £984,056 as compared with the previous year; whilst the deposits in the Savings Bank, which stood at £856,083, showed an increase of no less than £395,473. During the same period the local banks had increased their advances by nearly £750,000, thus showing the confidence in the prosperity and resources of the Colony.

But perhaps the most gratifying feature of the West Australian Budget is to be found in the exports and imports, which amounted to £8,143,783, and be it noted, only £185,841 of this was with Foreign countries. The estimated revenue is £3,008,000 against £2,842,756, the amount actually received during the previous year.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

MELBOURNE MERCHANTS FLOTATION.

In many ways the prospectus of Messrs. Paterson, Laing & Bruce must be looked upon as a moderate document. But on one important point its revelations are very incomplete. The average profit for the last ten years has been, we are told, over £32,000.

This is a substantial sum, but will not astonish those who know the important position held by Messrs. Paterson, Laing & Bruce among Melbourne merchants. Still it must be borne in mind that ten years ago Australia was booming. Then came the collapse, and banks and businesses came crashing about the ears of the startled investor at home. From this panic and slump Australia still suffers. Under the circumstances, is it not natural that we should be inquisitive regarding the career of a firm like Messrs. Paterson, Laing & Bruce during the last few years? Why are the profits not set forth year by year? Why is no mention made as to whether the profits are increasing or the contrary? An average of £30,000 for the last ten years might mean that during the boom ten years ago the firm was making a profit of £100,000 per annum, whilst now it may not be making more than two or three thousand—if so much. We do not say that such is the case, and trust it is not, but at the same time it is very possible, and we find it difficult to believe that if the business is growing in prosperity the promoters would hide their light under a bushel. The share capital of the Company is £325,000, divided into 40,000 Five per Cent. Preference shares of £5 each and 25,000 Ordinary shares of £5 each. The purchase price has been fixed at £400,000, payable as to £125,000 in Ordinary shares and £275,000 in cash. The present issue consists of 75,000 Four per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock and 40,000 Five per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £5 each.

HEAVY PURCHASE PRICE.

By what process of calculation the promoters of Lambert & Norris, Limited, have arrived at a purchase-price of £220,000, it is difficult to discover. It seems to be an accepted article of the company-promoter's faith that the investing public should pay exactly twice as much for properties and assets as the most innocent and careless of private individuals. In the present instance the purchase-price is even more than usually extortionate. Messrs. Collins & Tootel value the Arundel Brewery, numerous licensed houses, and other assets at £95,030. Cash at bank, book debts, &c. are £19,165, but it is not stated how secure the book debts may be. The net profits, exclusive of interest on capital and loans during the last three years, have averaged about £11,500. Needless to say, the prospectus places the most favourable light on the goodwill of the business; but even then from £60,000 to £70,000 would seem an ample price. But the vendors actually ask over £105,000 for the goodwill alone. As we stated before, no private individual would pay such a price, and we cannot see why the investing public should be put on terms so much heavier than would be asked of a private purchaser. The only two directors of the Company are Mr. Norris and Mr. Lambert. The share capital is £140,000, in addition to which there is £80,000 in Four per cent. irredeemable First Mortgage debentures.

A HUGE COMBINATION.

These are the days of huge combinations, and although we are personally inclined to believe that Lord Salisbury's recent foolish utterances on the London County Council might be applied with greater truth to these ponderous industrial undertakings, we are prepared to recognize the convenience of circumstances, and look not unkindly on such amalgamations as that of Vickers, Sons, & Maxim, Limited. Vickers, Sons, & Co., Limited, was incorporated in 1867. It is now proposed to combine with this business those of the Naval Armaments and Construction Company, and the Maxim Nordenfeldt Guns and Ammunition Company. The profits of the various businesses are only certified for one year. There seems to be no reason why the directors should not have revealed other annual profits in order that some idea might be gathered as to whether the businesses are progressing or the reverse. The authorized capital is £2,500,000, composed of £750,000 Preferred Five per Cent. Stock, £750,000 Five per Cent. Preference shares, and 1,000,000 Ordinary shares. The present issue consists of all the Preferred stock, 750,000 fully paid Ordinary shares, and 700,000 fully paid Five per Cent.; and £233,334 fully paid Ordinary shares will be

issued to the Maxim Company. £1,250,000 Four per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock is issued at £104 per cent.

H. M. GREVILLE & SON.

We are extremely sorry to learn that the paper mills of Messrs. H. M. Greville & Son, Limited, were burnt down, and that the private books were destroyed by the fire. Personally, we are of the opinion that some means of satisfying the accountants, apart from the mere statement of Miss Greville, might have been discovered. In the prospectus it is openly acknowledged that the business was in a very neglected condition a few years ago. Despite the recent fire there are some properties to be acquired, but no valuation is given, and, as we have stated, no proper accountant's certificate is shown, the auditors relying on the general statement of Miss Greville that the profits have been at the least £11,000 per annum. No more need be said to give an adequate idea of the vendor's impudence in asking £14,500 purchase consideration. Here, indeed, is a leap in the dark! The capital of the Company is £20,000 in £1 shares, in addition to which there is £3,000 in debentures.

LUDLOW GOLD MINES.

The directors of the Ludlow Gold Mines, Limited (Coolgardie, Western Australia), advertise a report by Mr. Stephen Harris. The date of this report is not given, and, as investors know but too well, the most important point about a mining engineer's report is that it should be recent and up to date. But at the best, Mr. Harris's report is vague and unsatisfactory. There seems to have been no business-like testing of the ore, and there is something unsatisfactory about the water supply. Everything about this enterprise is of the most prospective character, and the public will do well to insist on more definite details before parting with their money. The capital is £100,000 in £1 shares.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

J. & P. COATS (Nervous Shareholder).—We strongly advise you to hold on. There is no reason why you should doubt the directors' statement that rearrangement of accounts is chiefly responsible for the small dividend.

UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY (E. B., Hampstead).—You had better hold your Preference shares.

MATABELE GOLD REEFS (Kaffir King).—So far as we can see, you have no choice. You must have the cash; you cannot borrow, therefore you must sell.

MILLAR'S LOOM (Prospective Investor).—The invention is certainly a very valuable one, and may quite probably prove all that its admirers hope. But you must certainly use your own judgment. The connexions of the Company are respectable.

HANNAN'S GOLD ESTATES (G. B., Kensington).—Hold.

TRANVAAL CONSOLIDATED LAND COMPANY (A. B., Junior Carlton).—It is impossible to choose for you. That you might have done better than this is certain. You had better not put any more money into it.

GREAT BOULDER PROPRIETARY (Barrister, New Square).—The question you ask is absurd. The mine has proved an extremely valuable one, but we really cannot say whether it will continue as rich. Such rich ore generally proves of limited duration. But it is all a matter of luck.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SCHOOL BOARD ELECTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

6 CROWN OFFICE ROW, TEMPLE,
18 November, 1897.

SIR,—I am not a member of the Voluntary Schools Defence Union, nor have I the pleasure of Mr. Evelyn Cecil's acquaintance; so that I am not biassed in favour of that section of the Moderates by any personal or party environment. It is possible to "get a line" between them and the Diggleites on other grounds on merits.

First, take the principal apple of discord, Religion. You may think that theological dogma should be wholly kept out of elementary schools, and the teaching be secular, including moral lessons. That is the view of

the Progressives, and a perfectly intelligible one. (I ought perhaps to add that some Progressives favour unexplained reading of the Bible.) You may think dogmatic Christian teaching, as really believed in respectively by differing Christians, vital to sound education, and you may take all practicable steps to insure such teaching. That is the view of Mr. Evelyn Cecil; and also entirely intelligible. Both the Progressive attitude and Mr. Cecil's attitude are straightforward and honest. But you may profess to believe in definite religious teaching, yet shrink from taking steps to obtain it. This seems to be the line of the official Moderates, and is neither intelligible nor honest. Religion is necessarily one of those things which reality and sincerity do not allow to be taken in half-measures. The official Moderates, posing as Christians, but fearing to take the only steps which can insure the teaching of Christianity as they understand it, shelter themselves under the "Circular," which they say has settled the question, when they know that over 3,000 teachers disavow it, and that the public regard it as a dead letter. Mr. Evelyn Cecil's proposals avoid the claims that naturally gave offence in connexion with the Circular, for they secure dogmatic teaching by means of religious freedom.

Look again at the two sections from an educationist's point of view. Mr. Cecil's group have not hesitated to support even heavy expenditure if it would promote higher efficiency in the schools; whilst the official Moderates have practically reduced their programme to the cutting down of rates—a good election cry. It is also significant that the smaller group contain men of both political parties. Again, there must surely be something wrong in a leadership which alienates so many of its followers, and on different grounds. Mr. Cecil breaks with it on religious grounds mainly. Mr. Sharp on financial grounds. General Moberly, the Vice-Chairman, on purely educational grounds.

The clue to all these entanglements may possibly be found in the fact that the seceders are all men very earnest in their respective views, whilst the official group are in earnest about sitting on a board and one of them about sitting in a chair.—I am, yours, &c.

HAROLD HODGE.

FLOGGING IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I think the practical question as regards flogging in the army and navy is whether the statutes for its abolition are to be a reality or a sham. The public must decide that question, and its discussion in the public journals will aid them in arriving at a decision.

I fail to see that the new mode of flogging is preferable to the old; and when the tendency of all modern legislation is in favour of clemency towards juvenile offenders, two years', one year's, or even six months' imprisonment on such an offender, in addition to a severe flogging, are sentences which are at all events open to comment. I am not aware that any of the assaulted officers were injured, and I should think that a boy who struck an officer was likely to come off second best in the encounter. The officers in Her Majesty's service are not so very weak and defenceless as these sentences would lead us to suppose. Most of them are probably able to defend themselves against a boy who has no weapon except his fists.

I am not a Frenchman, Algiers is not England (nor France), and the soldier who was recently shot was not a boy. If I protest against a sentence of ten years' penal servitude for a felonious assault, it is hardly sufficient to reply that if a negro had committed the same offence in parts of the United States he would have been lynched. It may be true, but I cannot see its relevancy.—Truly yours,

A BARRISTER.

THE TRUTH AT LAST ABOUT THE MUTINY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

4 September, 1897.

SIR,—Having served as a subaltern with a regiment of the old Bengal Army during the months when the great Mutiny was maturing, I have read with keen

interest Mr. Forrest's straightforward and judicial letter in to-day's "Saturday." Indeed, it would almost seem to have been reserved for the "Saturday Review," in its correspondence columns and in a more or less casual manner, to do away with the necessity of further book-writing on the much-vexed question of the causes of the Mutiny of the Honourable East India Company's Bengal Army. Given (1) an army made up of Brahmans and Moslems, and (2) the issue to that army of a cartridge greased with "all kinds of fat," and then the result that followed was simply inevitable. The sepoys, it now appears, were not so silly as to throw away their honourable service, with all its present and prospective advantages, merely because of a Lascar's taunt. A cartridge smeared with "the fat of all animals" was actually in process of being served out to them. Rather than take it they deliberately elected to rush on death itself. What has happened before may happen again, in the event of the military authorities in India ever perpetrating a similar act of incredible carelessness and stupidity; and in this view lies the importance of threshing out the subject thoroughly. It has taken forty years to do so. Fluent and practised writers, from Colonel Malleson and Sir J. Kaye down to General McLeod Innes, have given us volume after volume of Mutiny history and disquisition. In so far as the elucidation of causes is concerned, Mr. Forrest's letter in to-day's "Saturday" is worth them all put together. Supposing it within the bounds of possibility that, e.g., the Osmanli military bureau should in a fit of madness issue cartridges smeared with pig's fat to its soldiers, a stampede not unlike that of the late Bengal army would instantly follow. India, it may be, is easily governed; and yet there are limits which cannot be over-stepped with safety. There was no "vernacular press" to speak of in 1857. At any rate it is not a "seditious newspaper," but an honest enough Lascar, that history must accredit with the publication of the cartridge story. Our intentions are always excellent; but we fall into the error of assuming that our Indian subjects are abreast of ourselves in enlightenment and intelligence. We fail to realize their natural feelings, in the stage of civilization belonging to them; or else we dismiss from our minds their prejudices and weaknesses, with the remark that they ought to know better! And then, when disaster ensues, the blame is thrown, in nebulous literary fashion, on departed Governor-Generals as great as Lord Dalhousie, or on Christian missionaries, or on intriguers—necessarily present in every scene and at every period—or even perchance on potentates as far removed as the Tsar, the Sultan, or the Shah. From all such mystifications Mr. Forrest's letter is well fitted to deliver us; and I sincerely hope that the fact of its appearing in so slight a form will not lead to its escaping the notice of future writers on the Mutiny.—I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

VETERAN.

THE HARP OF IRELAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON.

SIR,—In connexion with this subject in my last letter I referred to a statement by Chalmers in his "Caledonia"—that the Celtic Kings of Scotland and of Ireland had no arms. In this, however, he appears to be misinformed, because if one refers to Sir John Ferne's "Blazon of Gentrie," 1586, it is there stated that as he remembers the coat of the Kings of Scotland after their coming out of Ireland into the north parts of Britain, it was in a field Or: a Lyon rampant gules: and that the same coat was continued without addition or subtraction many years until that afterwards they fenced in their Lyon with a double tressure of Flore delices. He goes on to say that about 800 years after the birth of Our Saviour, Achaius, a Scottish King, entered into a perpetual league with the Frenchmen and with their King, Charles the Great, about the year 794, and augmented his arms with a double trace or tressure counter fleurie gules, signifying thereby that the Scottish nation depended upon the defence of the French lilies. So says Sir John Ferne.—Yours truly,

JAMES GRAHAME.